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The Bear



bears,

sleeping

17 0 3

Chapter 1 by Skipper Jo

I was a bear.

Or at least in my dream I was. I was one of those massive, brown grizzly bears that you see on Animal Planet and Planet Earth that was basically a lumbering mound of muscle, fat, and fur with four legs and a strong jaw, wandering like stoic beasts through the woods. It was almost mildly entertaining to say the least.

In my dream, it was night time and most of the little forest creatures in my dream had apparently gone to sleep, so I roamed around in the darkness alone, navigating my way through thick trees. Being rather uncoordinated in my bear-skills, along with the pitch-black darkness of the night, I tripped my way over roots jutting out from the dirt and random rocks that nearly made me roll onto my face, until I saw that the thicket of trees I walked through thinned and ended.

The sky began to lighten and I could see the rays of copper light from the sun poking out from behind the trees. Morning was coming. I began to discern my surroundings with more clarity. A

cracked narrow road marked the edge of the forest and I recognized it as the road by my house (from real life).

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Snorting in satisfaction, I strolled over to my front lawn, before making my way around the house to where my bedroom room window was. I peered inside, pressing my nose against the glass.

There I slept, tucked peacefully beneath my fluffy duvet. My long hair was tousled underneath my head and a bit of drool dripped down the side of my gaping mouth. I looked absolutely fabulous.

Then I was overcome with a wave of drowsiness and I found myself unable to keep my eyes open. Giving into the lethargy, I plopped down onto the dirt and lay my head down. My brief adventure as a bear had come to a conclusion. I closed my eyes.

Brrr...Brrr..

I opened my eyes, my hand instinctively shooting out to the side and shutting off the alarm. *What a strange dream.* I thought dully to myself as I dragged the warm sheets from myself and sat up, yawning. *Oh well, time to start the day.*

Then something caught my eye. A strange smudge on my window. Knitting my brows, I pushed myself up and shuffled over to the window.

Haha. That sort of looks like the smudge I made in my-

My thoughts were cut off as I looked outside.

What on earth?

I gaped. What was going on? How was this possible? Was I really seeing this? I stood frozen, unable to decide what to do.

...because outside my window on the ground, lay a giant 400-lb grizzly bear, snoozing away without a care in the world

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